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The Undergraduate.

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Editors' Table.

THIS issue of the UNDERGRADUATE is the last one under the control of the present board of editors. Although we get rid of some trouble and responsibility and a large amount of abuse, yet it is with a little reluctance that we leave our office, recognizing that our work has not been entirely devoid of pleasure. It is not our purpose here to make any remarks on the policy or make-up of the UNDERGRADUATE for the past year; suffice it to say that we have applied our utmost endeavors to make the UNDERGRADUATE a benefit to the college. We leave our readers to judge of our success in this direction.

IT has been the object of the present retiring board of editors to exclude from the pages of the UNDERGRADUATE all material of the "kicker." We have striven to follow the course, that the college paper should be an addition to the institution it represents, and not a detriment; a co-worker, not a drawback; a friend, not an enemy. A paper whose voice is the bray of a rebellious ass lowers the dignity of its college and lessens its own respect in the opinions and good will of its exchanges and supporters. There is nothing that voices the dignity of a college so well as the opinions and acts of its students, and there is nothing so well able to voice the sentiments of the student as the college paper. If, therefore, the tone of a paper is a continual howl and plaint, it shows a lack of appreciation for what the institution affords, and gives to alumni and friends a wrong opinion of the state of affairs. "Boys, make the UNDERGRADUATE dignified," was the advice of a late professor. Let it be the motto of future volumes.

THE world at large seems to be coming to regard a liberal education as a not uncommon thing; perhaps it is because the world itself is becoming more liberal in its ideas and correspondingly more liberal in its expectations and demands, but that it looks far differently than at fifty years ago upon what is commonly known as a college education, is evident. The literature and political history of the days of Washington Irving and Andrew Jackson go to show that the sheepskin of a college graduate was, to a certain extent, a patent of nobility, in that it was something that set itself up as an intellectual aristocracy. Those were the days when the man who could quote Latin was looked up to with mingled awe and reverence, and was regarded in small communities as a very learned man. We can imagine how his observations were regarded in the social circle with great respect; we can imagine him settling mooted political questions and disseminating general wisdom in some country store, surrounded by a throng of admiring rustics; such a man was regarded as a sort of infallible compendium of general information and was always a great power in town meetings; the college-

bred editor was regarded as an oracle; a minister with a diploma was an eminent divine; the lawyer who talked of *a priori* knowledge and *habeas corpus* writs was a *great jurist*, and a doctor who could write Latin prescriptions and use scientific terms was an eminent practitioner; those were great days for the happy possessor of a sheep-skin; it was decidedly the period for college-bred men, but that period is now no more. There are many more college graduates in these days in proportion to the population than formerly; many more of what may be properly spoken of as educated men. The world at large is coming to see that *learning* is getting to be quite common; they, furthermore, seem to observe that it does not necessarily come of a diploma and is so little exclusive and savors so little of its former monopolistic flavor that some people are able to carry about a large stock of it with apparent unconsciousness. With this observation there has also come an appreciation of the fact that genuine scholarship and sound learning are never self-assuming or offensive, but are modest and even self-distrustful. Well may the world regard with distrust and contempt that personage who is wont to wear on his face the smile of superiority and self-complacency, for the best knowledge and ability are very loth to flaunt their powers before the public eye. It was no less a scholar and original thinker than Sir Isaac Newton who once said: "I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on a sea-shore and finding now and then a smoother pebble or shell than or dinary, while the great ocean of truth still lay before me as yet undiscovered." His was the true conception of wisdom and learning, and it is one of the most pleasing and helpful features of a liberal education that it aids its possessors to a better appreciation of this fact. It is to be deplored that this conception of one educated cannot be realized by the student at the beginning of his course, to the degree that it is at the close, for then might be brought about a much needed revolution in the aims and methods in his work to gain the longed-for diploma; it would not be the diploma that would be looked for especially, neither the honor of graduating from a college nor the attendant pleasures of a college course. While there they would be less egotistical and self-assuming, would misappropriate less time and would drink far more copious and beneficial draughts from the Pierian founts of wisdom.

Liberal education each day is becoming more progressive in nature and more liberal in its liberality. That student who is able to free himself of false notions and misconceptions of mind, matter and material, and to infuse into his system the progressiveness and liberality of thought and mind that education should give, is the man who is to derive the most satisfaction from life and to do the most good to the world and to his fellow men.

Alumni Department.

[*Contributions from Alumni solicited for this department. Class-histories, reminscences, obituaries, biographies, literary articles, and papers upon current topics are always in order and desired.*]

THE CLASS OF 1852.

EDITORS OF UNDERGRADUATE:

YOUR request for a reminiscence of college life has awakened an old man from his quiet repose and caused him to go back nearly forty years of intervening busy life and try to review and revivify scenes and events that occurred from 1848 to 1852 in the history of my Alma Mater, and to recall to the narrow stage in the college halls the men that were, during these years, rehearsing their parts, preparing to act on the broader stage in life's great drama. Nearly a generation and a half have passed since the nine that graduated in the class of '52 received their degrees, and, strange to say, every one of that nine still survives. As I place their pictures before me and gaze upon their then youthful faces it is hardly possible to realize that we have all become old men.

There were fourteen of us when we entered college, but one after another dropped by the way till only nine received the coveted degree. As I call each member of the class to mind I am of the opinion that the nine that were left were not all the bright lights of the class, and while I wish to do justice to them I would not speak lightly or disparagingly of those of our number who for various causes failed to complete their college course at Middlebury.

The period of which I write was not a bright one in the history of Middlebury College. For various reasons the brighter lights in the Faculty, Professors Twining, Meacham, Bittenger, Eaton and some other lesser lights—some during our Freshman year, others later on—had departed, and there was too little respect for those left in "high places" to keep under wholesome

discipline the few young men that constituted the academic department of the college at that period. Our class was no exception in respect to deportment to the general average of the students, in fact, I think we were hardly up to the average in our "good marks," for I well remember at the end of the Junior year, during examination, eight of our number were suspended and continued in disgrace till the commencement of the fall term, when we were received back into favor and completed our four-years' course. There were several amusing incidents growing out of this suspension. We, of course, considered ourselves the injured party, and were unwilling to be counted out in the commencement parade. We, therefore, procured a band of music and had our little procession on Commencement day. As we were not entitled to wear the white ribbon while under suspension, and as undergraduates could not don the blue, we adopted the red ribbon. Our committee of one on badges, deeply feeling the wrongs under which we were groaning, procured from the Register job office an old cut of "John Rogers burning at the stake," with his nine children around him "with one at the breast." [This picture in olden times adorned the pages of the New England Primer.] This cut we had impressed with very black ink on our very red badges which we wore in our procession and during Commencement week and still preserve as a memento of what we then considered our martyrdom. The peculiar appropriateness of the badge will be apparent when we remember that eight of us "small children" were suffering martyrdom and one, the sedate and exemplary Knapp, "hung" to the Faculty. Another amusing circumstance in connection with this trouble I will relate. We held a class meeting and chose a committee of one to call on the President, Labaree, to see if we could not bring him to reason. In course of the interview the committee remarked to the dignified President that if the Faculty treated all students as they were treating his class the college would soon be without students. In reply to this remark the President said that if he (the President) succeeded in filling the $100,000 subscription he was then engaged in raising he thought Middlebury College could live without students. But all these events, seen through a vista of forty years, look quite different from what they did at the time. We then thought ourselves a much abused class, but now I for one think we were very bad, naughty boys, and that the Faculty were right in their action. We were in rebellion and were justly punished as rebels.

Thus far I have spoken generally of the class of 1852. The individual members of the class I will now refer to in alphabetical order.

Boyington was a young man of unassuming deportment, who acquitted himself creditably for the first two years and then went to Hamilton College, where he graduated and in due time became an orthodox minister. Of his subsequent life I know nothing.

Bruce was with us for a year and then entered Dartmouth. Of his life I know nothing.

George Darwin was with us for a term or two in the Freshman year and for want of pecuniary aid departed. He was a bright young man, beloved by all of us. I have never heard of him since he left the class.

Goodsell completed the college course, was a teacher for some years and then engaged in business, was at one time connected with several influential journals, owned and edited the Boston Saturday Evening Gazette for a few years. Managed the New York business and correspondence of the Evening Traveler. Afterwards was head of the manufacturing and importing business of Goodsell, Budillon & Company for eleven years; retiring from this business, for the last few years he has been looking after his investments and enjoying the fruits of the efforts of the more active years of a busy life, residing in Boston.

Haven was the best scholar in our class. After graduating he went to the far West and was a teacher for some years, afterwards a surveyor, and had some government appointments. I am told that he has always been prosperous and a highly respected member of society.

Knapp—not one of the suspended members—graduated at Middlebury, studied theology at Andover and was sent out by the American Board to Turkey and is now head of the missionary brethren in that field. He came home a few years ago and the writer of this sketch was favored by quite a visit from him and listened with great interest to his graphic accounts of his doings in distant Turkey.

Maynard, next in order, deserves a more lengthy notice than I can give in this article. He was a brilliant young man and as a lawyer and a judge has done credit to himself, his class and his Alma Mater. When last I met him he lived in Cleveland, Ohio, but this was a quarter of a centuary ago and he has since gone further west and made his mark.

Lucretius Ross, a learned and successful physician,

has been located in Poultney, Vermont; and, in addition to his other good deeds, has sent three or four of his sons to Middlebury College who have done credit, as I am told, to their father and his Alma Mater.

Ross the Younger I have heard nothing of since he graduated.

Cornelius Wainwright was with us but a few terms and left in consequence of ill health.

Rufus Wainwright was the sober, sensible man of our class, and has always acted well his part in this state of life to which it has pleased God to call him. He has always lived in Middlebury and for many years has been clerk of the court of Addison county.

Wilcox, the last man to mention alphabetically, was a good fellow, a good scholar and in business life I understand has acquitted himself creditably.

Two members of the class I have omitted to mention in their order—John Howe of Castleton, the youngest of us, and Benjamin Moore of Plattsburgh, New York, who died at the end of our junior year. These two young men were the most intimate of chums and were my special admiration. Poor Moore was cut down in the morning of life and we all mourned his untimely fate.

Howe was an unusually bright man while in college and has received his share of this world's honors. He has been a successful lawyer and a judge and is beloved by a host of friends, of whom the writer is proud to call himself one.

Mr. Editors, I have now at your request as well as I could with my other cares and duties written you this brief sketch of the class of 1852. It would please me much if the class could all on the fortieth anniversary of our graduation next commencement meet together and recite to each other our "Lesson of Life." To those of my classmates who read this article I will say, Consider it a card of invitation to meet your fellow-classmates on June 29, 1892, at the College chapel *at sunrise as of old.* P. B. G.

THE FACULTY FROM 1844–48.

EDITORS OF UNDERGRADUATE:

First, came President Labaree, whom nature had endowed with the express externals for such an office; tall, large and dignified; with a suitable sense of the presidential function; a man whose large common sense and practical good judgment and thorough loyalty to what was good made his administration in many respects a remarkable one. As a teacher he was not distinguished by originality of thought; nor as a preacher for great inspiration. But his material was always good and delivered with dignity and propriety. He had one Baccalaureate sermon on the the text—"If a man die shall he live again?" which, having heard a number of times in Middlebury, I had the pleasure of hearing in my own pulpit, the Winthrop, Boston, after I had been a dozen years in the ministry. And as my wife was a Middlebury girl, there was a little mischief between us after the services. President Labaree gave two sons to the Christian ministry, both of whom have been an honor to their Alma Mater, and one of whom took his own exact name to foreign lands as a missionary.

If I speak next of the man who comes next to mind, it will be of Prof. Solomon Stoddard, who had the chair of Latin and Greek; a man every inch—and he was of a very slender structure if you speak by the inch—a scholar. The classics were his delight and he made the lessons luminous; a true, pure, simple-minded, faithful Christian; a man worthy to belong to the New England family, famous in Northampton, Boston and Syria. For he was an older brother to the astronomer missionary and seraphic spirit, David Tappan Stoddard. I can well remember the long cloak in which he used to come wrapped, the nervous, quick method of conducting the recitation; the manner in which his face glowed and his eyes snapped; and how summarily he dismissed the work of the recitation hour, when all was over.

Then came Prof. Alexander W. Twining, who taught mathematics. Him I have known later in life as a gentleman of large intelligence very genial and pleasant to meet, and to have as a hearer, for he often visited Washington. It was his place to teach the Freshmen Davies' Bourdon's Algebra. And in the Freshman year he made his impression and won his laurels. But owing to some cause the class of 1848 had in his stead Prof. Hadley, afterwards so eminent at Yale university; a man of great delicacy and accuracy, whose mind shone all the more brilliantly because of physical infirmity. It may have been because of our failure to receive proper initiation, the Freshman year, but when Prof. Twining took us in the *Philosophical Chamber*, as he called it, where he gave his lectures on Natural Philosophy, we were a wild, untutored set. One day we discovered that the professor had arranged some tell-tale mirrors on the case over his head, but they failed to betray the er-

ratic youth who were behind his back as he figured on the blackboard. He soon left college for work in the West as civil engineer. The stagecoach drove him past the college front and the students were some of them ready with what they meant for derisive cheers. But the professor rose gracefully in the coach and took off his hat, thus interpreting their attentions as complimentary and turning the tables on them.

Prof. Charles B. Adams had Chemistry and Natural History; another man, diminutive in stature, who seemed to crawl along the ground, like one of the insects with which he was so familiar. We studied his *Geology of Vermont*, for he had been State geologist. I well remember a retort he once made to a student —it might have been Davis Rich—who had been extemporizing on the subject: "I don't find any such thing here, and should be sorry if I did." He was a man of immense learning in his department, slow speech and dry wit.

I should do great injustice to myself did I not write here the name of Alexander H. Clapp, D.D., who taught us Rhetoric, and showed us what he meant, as he preached so elegantly and eloquently in the pulpit; a life-long friend, who delights to call me one of his boys to this day. In the same department, also, was Hon. James Meacham, who taught English Literature from Shakespeare and Burke, and who preached the shortest and curtest kind of sermons. I knew him afterwards in public life; a man whom a college student would never forget.

Tutor William F. Bascom was the teacher we encountered in Geometry and Homer; a man of reserved and distant exterior, abundant fleecy hair, large dark eyes, and few words. He has just celebrated his 75th birthday in Washington, his grandson, Bascom Johnson, celebrating the same as his 13th. I remember him as instructor with the greatest satisfaction. He was direct, exact and knew what a good recitation was; never helped a student. If you could not do the work, you might sit down. Later in life I have known him in many circumstances which try one's integrity and stamina; known him as one of a Board of Trustees and as Professor in Greek and in law. His old age is genial and kindly; though he is now alone, having lately buried the bright and helpful woman whom he found teaching in the female seminary when he was tutor in Middlebury.

Time would fail me to speak of Uncle Harvey, whose slow movements and bead-eyes I cannot forget, and who did our laundry for us; or of Jim Rose, who sawed our wood and knew who was dead. Both of them belonged to the Faculty, in a secondary sense, and they both deserve some memorial as among the formative influences of Middlebury College in that period.

OUR UNDERGRADUATE REVIEW.

IN the December issue of the UNDERGRADUATE of 1830 is an article on "The Formation of Character," at the beginning of which the author affirms that it is not his design to write a sermon. The following selection shows the trend of the writer's thought and is sufficient to enable us to determine in our minds how far he may have deviated from his original intention:

"A man's character and acquirements depend more upon the industry of his youth, than upon any other particular, and observation will furnish us with numberless examples wherein the pressure of necessity has become an advantage by prompting to persevering exertion. The great art in the formation of an efficient and well-regulated character, is to discover a proper standard for our conduct and habits, and then uniformly to adopt this standard in our practice.

"There is so great a variety of objects to divide our attention, of equal importance, that we are liable to fail, for skill in judgment in making our selections, and firmness in the accomplishment of our purposes. Besides, indolence enlists most of our passions, and only reason and judgment side with industry. Reason, too, is frequently not consulted, till we are slaves to fickle habits, and the only light she can reflect is barely sufficient to show us our chains. How preposterous is the notion that youth is a time for trifling and caprice! When would you rally all your thoughts and rouse all your powers? Surely when the most important consequences must follow the measures you are about to adopt. Then, believe me, whatever should be done in youth, should be done not only for the present, but for the future, and whatever should be avoided should be avoided for both. There is a chain of results, which connects our youth to the future, and these results are favorable or unfortunate, as the measures which formed the commencement of the chain are judicious or ill-chosen. So if we are fools in youth we never can be wise, and if wise in youth, we can never be fools.

"We are accustomed to speak of the success of

some men and the failure of others, as circumstances over which they have no control. But I would propose the inquiry whether a long train of favorable results can happen to any one, without being proof of prudence and judgment in his management? Or can a like course of misfortune befal another without showing his imprudence or neglect? Is not success the reward of care and attention, and failure the unavoidable consequence of desultory habits? If so, let us not rely upon fortune for more than she can aid us, nor fear her for more than she can harm us. Let us rely upon nothing but the vigor of our judgments and the correctness of our views; and if we place our dependence upon these, we shall surely prize as invaluable whatever may contribute to the strength of the one or the consistency of the other."

Further on we find a production whose opening sentences describe an experience probably similar or suggestive of those which are common to all students at times, who are contemplating an active life after the completion of their course. Let us follow the writer, who says:

"Oft will the student, immured in the delightful prison of college walls, look out upon the busy world, observing with a discriminating eye the jarring elements of society, which at times seem ready by one dread convulsion to be thrown into 'chaos dire,' and with trembling hand drawing aside the veil of futurity, by imagination's aid will cast his mind forward to that period at which he will be called upon to act his part in those scenes, of which he is now an almost indifferent spectator. While gazing at the lofty eminence attained by one, who commenced the journey of life with the clouds of adversity lowering thick around him, or viewing the forlorn and degraded condition of another borne forward in his early course by the prosperous gales of fortune—the choice of a profession—the selection of a vessel which may bear him safe over life's troubled sea, must *sometimes* at least engage the attention of the most thoughtless and indifferent."

The writer, continuing, says:

"Of the three learned professions which present their claims to the sons of science, who confine not their aims to the narrow desire of passing a quiet and useless existence, and die 'unhonored and unknown,' the *law*, in my apprehension, lays open to the youthful aspirant avenues to distinguished eminence and usefulness rarely afforded by other vocations.

"It is to the upright judge that the poor man is to look for protection from the overbearance of the rich, the oppressed for a rescue from the power of the oppressor, and the innocent for a defence against the wiles of the vicious. How calm and majestic is the empire of the law! Not like the Roman government, enforcing its dictates by an armed legion, nor like the Chinese, imposing upon the superstitious fears of its subjects, but bearing only the sceptre of reason, and sustained by justice and the interests of man, it exercises an undisputed dominion over the understandings of millions. The word is but spoken, 'It is the decision of the court,' and it vibrates through the remotest parts of the republic,—the waves of faction which an instant before threatened to undermine the foundations of government, are calmed as by the power of magic. To the decrees of this tribunal the highest departments of government yield a respectful obedience. The executive authority issues not a proclamation, the legislatures enact not a law but whose operation may be suspended by the judiciary. So long as a judge of the United States court pursues a course of upright integrity, he exerts a dominion unknown to the titled occupant of an earthly throne, but the moment he deviates from that path his arm becomes nerveless, the Sampson is shorn of his strength. Though he may command obedience, it must be just and legal; though he may exercise power, he cannot play the tyrant."

A dissertation on "Politeness" in those days is an uncommon sight, especially in a college paper. We find a youth signing himself *Beppo* has said of it:

"True politeness may be termed a 'benevolence in trifles.' It is the offspring of a kind and generous heart. It is the outpouring of the sweetest fountains of the soul. It is an exhibition of qualities at once the loveliest and most noble. It is the life of social intercourse, and one of the brightest ornaments of the human character. The man whom it adorns gives delight to all who can justly appreciate the sweets of friendly converse, and is richly rewarded by the grateful smiles of approbation that everywhere greet him; like the gentle stream which, while it diffuses life and verdure along its banks, is itself bordered with flowers and impregnated with sweetest odors. Politeness, unlike other attainments, never created envy or displeasure. Learning and affluence, while they elevate their possessor to a proud and lofty eminence, expose him at the same time to the poisonous shafts of calumny, and render the illiterate and indigent dissatis-

fied and ready to murmur at the hard lot to which fortune has consigned them. Wit may cause the lip to curl in smiles—but these are not unfrequently succeeded by the leer of contempt—the momentary sunlight, too, often gives place to 'darkness visible.' Unrivalled conversational powers can please awhile—but pleasure sometimes yields to weariness. So with most acquisitions. But no man may anticipate with livelier hopes of success the consummation of his designs—none has it it in his power to render the social circle the residence of purer joy or more lofty sentiment—and none can glide more smoothly through the world than he whose manners are gentle and refined. In his presence calumny is mute in admiration, and envy forgets its office. All around him are delighted, they scarce know why, and all alike catch the generous spirit that flashes from his eye. The civility which at all times characterizes his intercourse with others is not assumed for purposes of deception, but originates in the benignity and frankness of his heart. Politeness is not only elegance in manners—it is a kindness of the soul manifested in every action. To no member of society, perhaps, is true refinement of manners more essential than to the professional man. To his success the favor of the people is absolutely requisite. And to the man who is graced with politeness, according to my apprehension of the term, attachment is readily and involuntarily yielded."

The writer was probably wholly ignorant of those indisputable regulations of language and demeanor expected in good society and which is embodied in what is known as "the rules of etiquette." The world is to be congratulated that the quality which has been termed above as "politeness" is in no way arbitrary in its demands, fastidious in its tastes or monopolistic in its nature; it is alike acceptable and in good taste everywhere.

E. R. B.

Town and Campus.

[*Items for this department from the town should be such as are of general interest to the alumni. A college monthly can't be a local newspaper, and items purely of local value as news are not wanted.*]

Middlebury is to have a telephone line.

E. R. Sturtevant, '93, was home for a few days.

President Brainerd preached at Pittsford Sunday, March 6.

The Salvation army seems to be a great rendezvous for the students on Sunday nights.

Hesselgrave, '93, has again resumed his preaching at Weybridge.

McNaboe, '92, was confined to his room a few days with la grippe.

H. Hill of Townsend, Mass., visited Rowley, '95, on the 21st ult.

Principal Bullock of the High school has been quite sick with the grip.

Prof. Benedict, '91, visited college Saturday with one of his classes.

Prof. W. W. Eaton has been elected deacon at the Congregational church.

Noonan, '91, has gone to Washington, D. C., on business for Mr. Battell.

A class has been started in singing under the direction of Hesselgrave, '93.

Plans for a new M. E. church have been drawn. The cost will be about $10,000.

Mrs. Prof. Eaton and sister, Miss Wright, have gone to New York for a few weeks' stay.

A number of the students attended the sociable at Mr. Judson Mead's the other evening.

Reilly, Noonan, Mead and Pinney, all of '91, visited their friends at college on the 21st ult.

The college has now become a patron of the waterworks, a pipe having been placed in Painter Hall.

The Junior class has chosen, Brown, Ross and Sturtevant as a committee of arrangements for Junior Ex.

A certain member of the Freshman class has composed a song and dedicated it to the co-eds of that class.

Williamson, '95, has been teaching in the public school, supplying the place of one of the teachers who was sick.

Prof. Janes occupied Principal Bullock's position in the high school during the latter's confinement with la grippe.

Prof. and Mrs. G. B. Merriman gave a very pleasant reception to the students and friends of the college at their home Friday evening, Feb. 26.

The Y. P. S. C. E. sociable at the Congregational church, March 1, was largely attended. Many of the students took part in the programme.

Leonard, '95, gave a very interesting and instructive lecture at the town hall March 4, under the auspices of the W. C. T. U. His subject was, "Why?"

E. J. Thomas, '88, of Williams and T. B. Penfield, '90, of Columbia, were the guests of the Middlebury Chapter of Delta Upsilon fraternity on the 21st of February.

The Epworth League held exercises in the town hall on Sunday, the 14th ult. It included addresses by Chas. E. Hesselgrave, '93, and Chas. Leonard, '95, and a paper on "Local Methodist History" by G. Cady, '93.

On February 26 the members of the Freshman class enjoyed a very pleasant evening at the home of their classmate, Geo. S. Wright. Mr. Wright lives about three miles from the village, and the class hired a large sleigh and a four-horse team to convey them to his house. The evening was spent in social chat and games, after which refreshments were served.

The Seniors have already made partial arrangements for their Commencement concert. They intend to give one of the best concerts ever heard in Middlebury. They have engaged the famous Ruggles Street Quartette, which has recently secured the services of one of the most celebrated tenor singers in the country. This will, however, be a small portion of the concert, as they intend to have considerable talent besides.

We take the following from the *Spectator*: "January 11 the Middlebury College Glee Club gave a concert in village hall under the auspices of the Delphian Society. The concert was first class in every respect. A good audience was in attendance, and everyone was well pleased with the concert. Although every number on the programme was well rendered, the singing of the quartette deserves special mention. Middlebury claims the best quartette in the State; judging from their singing, we would say that it is a good quartette that surpasses them. 'Romeo and Juliet' greatly pleased the audience. The solos by Mr. Thomas were well received, and showed to good advantage the wonderful compass of his voice."

The Freshmen held their class-supper at the Bardwell House, Rutland, on the 23d ult. They experienced the usual difficulty in getting started, but Fresh man grit won the day and they boarded the train without losing a man. After partaking of a most excellent supper the following toasts were responded to, G. L. Douglas acting as toastmaster: Address, E. H. Dorsey; Our Class, H. A. Vicker; The Glee Club, E. L. Cushman; The Faculty, C. A. Adams; Battell Hall, R. O. Wooster; Freshman Athletics, C. R. Dunton; The Sophs., G. S. Wright; The College, L M. Seely; The Bell, W. S. Grant; Our Victory, E. J. Fullam; History, C. L. Ross; Prophecy, Miss Ross; Poem, Miss Rogers; Oration, C. L. Leonard. They returned on the sleeper and every one pronounced the first banquet of the class of '95 a brilliant success.

Personals.

[*The editor of this department appreciates the fact that it is one of special interest to the alumni. But as they are widely scattered and many are unknown to him, he asks them to send to the Undergraduate from time to time whatever items they may come in possession of and thus aid in making this department what the alumni desires it to be and what the editors endeavor to make it.*]

'38. "Rev. Byron Sunderland," says a New York paper, "is the only 'administration' minister in the last thirty years who has not profited professionally by the advertising he has received by presidents attending his church."

'51. Rev. Dr. S. W. Boardman, president of the Maryville (Tenn.) College, in a recent letter to the pastor of the Congregational church at Castleton, said: "We have now three hundred students in the nstitution; two hundred were religious before and recently fifty-four have been hopefully converted and now are looking for a change among the others."

'61. Rev. S. B. Partridge of China spoke at the Christ church chapel, Springfield, Mass., Sunday evening, March 6, on "The Work of the Church in China."

'64. We quote the following from the *Free Press*: "President Brainerd of Middlebury College lectured Monday night before the students of Vermont Academy. He said: 'We should not read wholly for entertainment nor solely for knowledge, but for culture. Culture is working toward the mind's ideal of excellence. The best books give a needed view of the whole nature of man. They also inspire the reader like the grandest scenery of nature.' The lecture was much enjoyed by the faculty and students."

'64. Rev. G. R. W. Scott has an interesting article in the March number of *Our Day* on "Signs of the Times in German Theological Faculties." We quote a portion of his closing remarks: "The churches of Berlin today, in beautiful contrast with those of years ago, are full every Sunday. The church-crowding is due, it has been told us, to an increased interest on the part of the citizens in religion and to the large influx of people from the provinces, who have

not forgotten in the great city their former religious instruction; but it is also due to the fact that the young emperor has put his great influence on the side of evangelical religion. While a young officer he had the reputation of being somewhat volatile, but as emperor he has taken the deepest interest in the intellectual, moral and spiritual welfare of his people. . . . The signs of the times show that the Fatherland is having a spiritual uplift."

'69. Rev. R. C. Flagg, lately chosen president of Ripon College, Ripon, Wis., was at chapel, March 8.

'72. H. H. Ross, principal of the Vermont Episcopal Institute at Rock Point, has been appointed State manager for Vermont of the National Educational association, whose next meeting is to be held at Saratoga, N. Y., July 12.

'76. Edward Dana is clerk for the board of selectmen of Rutland.

'77. Rev. C. B. Moody of the Congregational church of Osage, Iowa, was not a little surprised recently by a letter from Minneapolis giving him a unanimous call to the pastorate of Pilgrim Congregational church of that city. The call was wholly unexpected, Mr. Moody never having preached for them, nor had any correspondence with them. It transpires now that a strange gentleman, who stopped over Sunday recently and worshipped at Mr. Moody's church, was a Mr. Leighton representing the Minneapolis church and was there for the express purpose of hearing the gentleman preach and quietly gathering information concerning his work in his parish. It seems that he was generally well pleased with what he saw and heard, especially the very positive and unequivocal position Mr. Moody took that Sunday night against worldly amusements. When he made his report to the church they said they wanted a man with fixed opinions backed by courage to express them, and promptly voted to give him a call. Mr. Moody will shortly visit the new field, look it over and decide whether or not he will accept. We wish him success in his new field.

'86. M. H. Dana has been appointed a councilor of the American Institute of Civics in New York city.

'89. W. K. Dunton has gone to Kearney, Neb., on a business trip.

'90. A. Lavery is studying law with Hon. J. I. Gilbert of Malone, N. Y.

'90. H. E. Owen was elected town clerk of Port Henry, N. Y., at the recent town meeting held there March 2.

'92. G. H. Kelton has been chosen one of the associate editors of the Harvard *Crimson*.

'94. H. L. Stickney was in town Feb. 24. He entered the U. V. M. Medical College at the opening of the spring term.

College Notes.

The work of criticising and commending falls to those less experienced.

Twenty-seven students were recently expelled from DePauw University for playing billiards.

By the will of the late Mrs. Catharine Gorcelon of California, Bowdoin College will receive $4,000.000.

The college of the City of Mexico is the oldest in America, having been founded fifty years before Harvard.

The Stanford University has already won a base-ball victory, and has decided on a yell and color.—[*Ex.*

By actual canvass seventy-six per cent of the students of Amherst are opposed to compulsory chapel attendance.

Two sons of ex-President Garfield have been elected captain and manager of Williams' foot-ball team for this year.

At the Nebraska University Chancellor Canfield suspended chapel exercises so as not to conflict with a "cane rush."

The $100,000 has been secured which was needed to secure the admission of women to the Johns Hopkins Medical School.

The trustees of the University of Pennsylvania have decided to appoint five chaplains of different denominations to conduct the chapel exercises.

In a German university a student's matriculation card shields him from arrest, admits him at half price to theatres and takes him free to art galleries.

One year's expenses at Princeton are estimated at from $311 to $645; at Cornell, from $350 to $500; at Wellesley, about $350; at Vassar, about $400.

Hamilton College has adopted the new plan of having Monday as a holiday instead of Saturday. One of the arguments in favor of such a plan is that

it would lessen the evil of Sunday study to a great extent.

An exchange says that "Hochquellenwasserlinferungsrohrenfatalitatem" is the word used in Vienna over the bursting of a water pipe. It seems to us that the language is not plain enough for the occasion.

The *Palo Alto* for December has an article on the value of the higher education by David Kerr Jordon. His advice is: "Boys, go to college." A well-spent college course is one of the greatest helps to all good things.

If at Stevens Institute any student shows such a marked deficiency in previous work as to seriously interfere with his progress, he may, after a month's notice, be re-examined in the main points of that subject.

A Yale graduate has recently given $100 toward the purchase of a championship cup in chess, to be contested for annually by Yale, Harvard, Princeton and Columbia. The conditions are that the other colleges shall each raise an equal amount.

Professor J. K. Paine of Harvard College has been engaged to write the instrumental music for the dedicatory exercises of the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893. The music is to be played by an orchestra of a hundred and fifty pieces under the leadership of Mr. Thomas.

There is trouble at Ann Arbor between the faculty and the law students, because a certain student takes down the lectures in short-hand and disposes of copies among his classmates. The faculty object on the ground that a large part of the class pays no attention to he lectures any more.—[*Ex.*

The students of the Leland Stanford Junior University have founded a co-operative associaton for the transaction of a general mercantile business, to be conducted for the best interests of the students. They have accepted a constitution which provides that a charter shall be obtained from the State.

By a vote of the faculty at Brown, attendance at recitations has been made voluntary for Seniors for the remainder of the year. Each student's standing is to depend entirely upon examinations. The movement is an experiment looking forward to the establishment of this system throughout the whole college.

The following mile records, though not all of them athletic, are interesting by way of comparison: Locomotive, 50¼; running horse, 1:39¾; trotting horse, 2:09¼; bicycle, 2:39; skating, 3:00; tricycle, 3:03 2-5; running man, 4:16 1-5; rowing, 5:02¾; snow shoes, 5:37¾; man walking, 6:23; swimming, 6:42¼.

The co-eds at Ann Arbor recently held a meeting to discuss the "social problems" which confront the college girl. Among other things it was voted that all entertainments should close before 1 o'clock a. m.—[*Ex.* At a meeting of our co-eds they went a little further and decided to close all entertainments before they began.—[*Sequoia.*

When Amherst and Williams on Pratt Field compete,
And prepare themselves there for the fray,
Young ladies of Smith their own favorites greet
In a thoroughly impartial way.
The purple of Williams they mingle with white,
Their own college color and pride,
Displaying to all their admirers' delight
Amherst colors they've no wish to hide.—[*Ex.*

A military company has been formed at Yale, composed of about ninety members of the academic Senior class. An hour's drill will be held twice a week at the New Haven City Armory. At the end of the drill season certificates will be awarded to men who deserve them, which will entitle them to preference in obtaining commissions in the volunteer service in case of war.

A member of Congress from Illinois, Mr. Newberry, has introduced in the House a bill the object of which is to improve the spelling of the country. It proposes the establishment of schools at the World's Fair, for which an appropriation of $100,000 is asked, and similar schools at New York, Washington and Chicago, calling for $150,000 more. Besides these, one hundred smaller ones are to be distributed in various parts of the country. The object is to improve methods and establish a more perfect uniformity.

The thirty students of Heidelberg University, who recently assisted in organizing the Greek letter fraternities without the consent of the Faculty, received notices requesting them to withdraw from the institution, which they will do and be accompanied by a considerable number of others. Ten of the offending students are members of the Senior class, several are sons of regents of the college, and one the son of President Peters. The action of the Faculty has been awaited with interest all over the country, as the University is the principal western educational institution

of the Reformed church. It has been severely criticised by the citizens of Tiffin for this act, which will undoubtedly injure the college.—*Ohio State Jonrnal.*

Our Farrago.

Professor—"What is the distinctive element of the English language?" Student—"The words."

Prof.--"Name six animals in the Frozen Zone." Student—"Three polar bears and three seals."—*Ex.*

Class in Analogy--Professor: "Mr. A. you may pass on to the next life." Mr. A.: "Not prepared, sir."—*Ex.*

Why is a man climbing Vesuvius like one trying to kiss his girl? They are both trying to get at the mouth of the "crater."

Prof. of Psychology—"What is love?" Chem. Student—"Love is a volatile precipitate, and marriage a solvent in which it quickly dissolves."—*Ex.*

"I have a weight upon my mind,"
I overheard him say.
"That's good," said she, "'twill keep the wind
From blowing it away."

The editor looked the poems through,
The most were poor, and stacks he threw
Into the fire, although he knew
The poetry-readers were fretting;
And yet he smiled a sad, sad smile,
As the flames lit up the dry, dry pile,
And murmured in sarcastic style:
"How *light* our verse is getting!"

—[*Brunonian.*

IN THE HISTORY EXAMINATION.

Vainly he racked his cranial store,
Seeking to find historic lore,
"History repeats itself," said he,
"Oh, now repeat thyself to me."

—*Brunonian.*

A VITAL QUESTION.

I've examined with care the Bimetal Theory.
Of interests, rents, and of profits, I weary,
Increments unearned, and the problem of wages,
Unconvertible notes and three social stages;
And now the poor laws I'm pursuing with zeal,
Yet the study of Pol. Econ. somehow I feel
No solution of this weighty problem presents—
How to get through four weeks on just fifty-two cents.

—[*Ex.*

HYPNOSIS.

So sleep that when the summons come to join
The crowd of yawning students hustling on
To chapel in the morn, where each must take
His place among the rest or absence get,
Thou go not, if, at least, too "sick" thou art,
Without thy breakfast, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust that thou wilt be
Excused, do wrap the drapery of thy couch
About thee, and lie down to pleasant dreams.

—*Lafayette.*

A football game—

I.
A run.
A chase.
A tackle.
A fall.

II.
Two faint.
Three stunned.
Four dead.
That's all.

THE LETTERS THAT CAME.

I want a letter from foreign lands,
With a stamp put on by her dainty hands,
For I long to listen to love's commands,
And I think she will write—she understands—
Hark! I hear the sound of the postman!

Bills from the tailor for last summer's suit,
Bills I contracted when on my last toot,
Bills from my hatter, and something to boot,
These are the things that with sorrow acute,
I take from the hands of the postman.

—*Lampoon.*

THAT IS LOVE.

"I love you for yourself, Marie;
For all your tender ways.
Thy heart unselfish, light and free
Will brighten all my days;"

"But tell me, dear, if e'er you can,
Why, why 'tis you love me?
What virtue in this wretched man
Can charm one like Marie?"

She leaned her head upon his breast,
His heart gave giant knocks;
Then frankly answered she, "Dear George,
Your papa has the rocks." —*Univ. News.*

A HAUNTING FEAR.

My love has beauty, wealth and youth,
Three charms bound to enslave me;
And I would die for her, in sooth,
And kill the man who'd save me.

Nor has she ever felt before
The tender passion burning;
And that is why she loves me more,
And never thinks of spurning.

And yet my joy is not complete,
Though she's a rich man's daughter;
For when she kisses me so sweet,
I wonder who has taught her.

—*Town Topics.*

WHY I BECAME A DEMOCRAT.

I wrote to her some time ago
An entertaining letter,
Four weeks have sped—she is still my
Epistolary debtor.

She does not know how eagerly
I waited for an answer,—
How disappointment preyed upon
My poor heart like a cancer.

Perhaps she wrote me all about
Her seaside dissipating,
And postal clerks showed carelessness,—
Ah! thought excruciating!

What can I do? I cannot doubt
Her love, or say, "Deuce take her!"
I have it!—I'll change politics
And swear at Wanamaker!

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

WHAT A BLUSH IS.

When Dr. T. C. Minor was asked last night just what a blush was and how it was caused physiologically, he laid aside his cigar, pondered deeply for a moment and spoke these wise words: "A blush is a temporary erythema and calorific effulgence of the physiognomy ætiologized by the perceptiveness of the censorium when in a predicament of unequilibrity from a sense of shame, anger or other cause, eventuating in a paresis of the vaso-motor nervous filaments of the facial capillaries, whereby being divested of their elasticity, they are suffused with radiant, aerated, compound, nutritive, circulating liquid, emanating from an intimidated brækordia." When the doctor finished a sigh of relief was heard from his audience.

—[*Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE FIRST TOWN MEETING.

Men cannot reach the Northern Pole,
Though hard indeed they try.
The question now before us is
To find the reason why.

Now science tells us that men once
Dwelt in the Arctic space;
And summer lasted all the year
Ere Nature fell from grace.

But soon the snow storms filled the land:
They hated shovelling snow.
And meeting at the Northern Pole
They voted South to go.

And when the votes had all come in,
It's naturally supposed
A Yankee motion passed; it was
"To move the Poles be closed."

—*Brunonian.*

ICH BIN DEIN.

In tempus old a hero lived,
Qui loved puellas deux;
He no pourait pas quite to say
Which one amabat mieux.

Dit il lui-meme un beau matin,
"Non possum both avoir,
Sed si address Amanda Ann,
Then Kate and I have war.

"Amanda habet argent coin,
Sed Kate has aureas curls;
Et both sunt very agathæ
Et quite formosæ girls."

Enfin the youthful anthropos,
Phi'oun the duo maids,
Resolved proponere to Kate
Devant cet evening's shades.

Procedens then to Kate's domo,
Il trouve Amanda there,
Kai quite forgot his late resolves,
Both sunt so goodly fair.

Sed smiling on the new tapis,
Between puellas twain,
Cœpit to tell his love a Kate
Dans un poetique strain.

Mais, glancing ever et anon
At Fair Amanda's eyes,
Illæ non possunt dicere
Pro which he meant his sighs.

Each virgo heard the demi vow
With cheeks as rouge as wine,
And off'ring each a milk-white hand,
Both whispered, "Ich bin Dein."—[*Ex.*

Exchanges.

With this issue the exchange editor yields his positiou to his successor. It is hoped that whatever criticism has appeared in these columns, whether in praise or condemnation, will be taken by our exchanges with a liberality evoked by a knowledge of whence it proceeds. The exchange editor is placed in a peculiar position. He plays with an edged tool, and is apt to forget himself. It is an application of the old story of the moat in thy brother's eye; it is too easy to see the faults of others. What, then, should be the critical spirit of the exchange column? We do not believe that exchange columns should be written with a view to speak good or not at all; nor would we sing the song of Byron,

"Let fools beware,
For satire is my song."

But exchanges should be written with a view of sorting out representative articles and literary matter, and from them drawing such criticisms as the editor is capable of producing.

There is a growing tendency among the exchanges which the UNDERGRADUATE was among the first to inaugurate, of obtaining and publishing articles from prominent alumni. While the college paper is distinctly an undergraduate organ and its columns expressly for the opinions and thoughts of the student, yet articles and communications from alumni give a tone and quality to the paper, and show that it has a popularity among its supporters. The college paper has a great advantage of drawing articles from prominent writers and thinkers, and we hope to see the privilege utilized more and more in the future. Papers on our table having articles from alumni and professors are, *The College Olio*, *The Haverfordian*, *The Cynic*, *The Cadet*, *College Transcript* and *The University Herald*. The time of oratorical contests has come and first class orations take the place of foot ball news and base ball gossip, also several good literary articles appear, and a light-hearted vein of poetical effusion is manifest in the humorous columns. Thus turns the exchange wheel.

We have received the *Spectator* from Troy Conference Academy. It is a very neat and well-edited paper, and if the editors make every issue as good as the first, they can place their paper alongside of any high school paper in New England.

Reviews.

The March *Century* is particularly interesting to the many thousands who have constituted the audiences of the famous Polish pianist, Paderewski, in different parts of the United States. These papers on Paderewski are parts of the musical series which the *Century* is publishing this year. The frontispiece is an engraving of Paderewski from a photograph, and in addition a drawing by Irving R. Wiles is given, showing the great virtuoso at the piano. Accompanying these pictures are "A Critical Study," by the distinguished American pianist and composer, William Mason. "A Biographical Sketch," by Miss Fannie Morris Smith, and a poem by R. W. Gilder, entitled "How Paderewski Plays." The biographical sketch, brief as it is, contains the fullest particulars of the life of its subject.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for March has a varied and attractive table of contents. First comes the fifteenth of Dr. Andrew D. White's New Chapters in the Warfare of Science, dealing with Astronomy. The denunciations which both Catholic and Protestant theologians heaped upon the scientific teachings of Copernicus and Galileo are set forth in this article with abundant and exact references to the writers quoted. In the series on American Industries there is a fully illustrated paper on the Organ, by Daniel Spillane, describing some of the largest instruments in the United States, and telling what advances American organ builders have made in their art. Another illustrated article is a very readable account of "Domestic Animals in India," by John Lockwood Kipling. Carroll D. Wright contributes an instructive paper on "Social Statistics of Cities," in his lessons from the census. It is a comparison of the area, population and the cost of each department of public works in fifty cities of the United States.

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